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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

I DID NOT UNDERSTAND.

Because I did not understand.
Her little wa s,
I let life's best slip from my hand,
In th- old days—
I did not understand.
Her subtleties of thought and speech,
Her finer sense,
Her maiden-like reserves seemed each
Cause of off-nse—
I did not understand.

Some answer to her wistful gaze,
When she was sad;
A tender word, a little praise,
Had made her glad,
But I did not understand.

I failed to read the shy regard
That lay below
Her timid eyes, and so was hard;
I did not know,
I did not understand.

But when I saw the wonder rise
Of love that grew
And deepened in her dying eyes,
Oh, then I knew
Too late I understand.

The elusive, eager soul below,
That I did not see;
The passionate tenderness I know,
Too late, too late,
Oh, now I understand.
—Boston Transcript.

STORE TELLER.

A \$20 GOLDPIECE.

"Don't stop at L—L—. Better remain over night at C—a and go on clear through to L—d the next day."

These were the parting words of our genial host of the Ukiah inn, Mendocino county, Cal. I had purchased a couple of horses and a pack mule lower down in the valley and was taking them along the old Oregon stage route to my home in the northern part of the state.

Accompanying me were my over-seer, Robert Thorndyke Hawkins, or, as he was more generally known, Rancheria Bob, and an easterner named Wilson, who was going to spend a few months on the ranch "to see how it was done."

I had not advertised for boarders nor contemplated starting a "tenderfoot nursery," but Wilson, whom I had met at the Place hotel, seemed such a genial, pleasant fellow that it was impossible to refuse his earnest request to join us in our mountain life.

Bob was rather opposed to the scheme, but not being a prominent factor in the matter, Wilson came along.

Our route lay through a section of country which had elapsed into a semi-civilized state, the mines there having in a measure become exhausted, the stage route abandoned for the more expeditious railroad and the immense timber tracts still being too far distant to be worked to any advantage.

The men as well as the other conditions took a backward growth, and those who remained were very favorably described as "tough," hence the cautioning instruction from our landlord.

Acting upon such advice, we planned our daily route so as to pass L—L—at noon. We were all well equipped with rifles and side arms, and looked forward to a very pleasant journey. Our horses were in fine condition, as also was the mule. Perhaps it is needless to say that Bob and myself rode the former, while Wilson was happy on the mule.

The view was charming, with constantly changing vistas. Now exquisite groups of bouquet-shaped elm trees haunted the river bank, and again an open, undulating meadow with wooded hills in the near distance, backed by the great blue-tinted mountains of the Coast range. We traveled on, enjoying the constantly changing view, without any incident uncommon to any trip of the kind, and the evening of the second day found us at C—a. From here L—d was 54 miles and L—L— but 39. As these were the only settlements in the country, we felt it incumbent on us to make an early start, as it would be a good day's work for the horses, who were beginning to show effects of their recent efforts.

Various rumors as to the sanctity and future prospects of the L—L—ites (we classified them as geologists do other hard material) kept reaching us as we journeyed on. So corroboratory were the reports that we looked upon our approach as one in the olden times must have felt on nearing Sodom or Gomorrah. L—L—was one of those places (which fortunately are becoming few) where no

restriction is placed on any class of society, and the medieval law, "Might makes right," is the only recognized judicial power. There were perhaps 200 people in all forming the fixed population, though at certain seasons there might be double that number.

The only visible means of support of the inhabitants was catering to the vices of their fellow men. It was the escape valve of that lawless class who haunt the borders of a new civilization. Miners came there to spend Sunday and the result of their past week's toil. Herders who might have been leading a hermit's life in the mountains for three months brought there the result of their labor and did not leave until it was all exhausted. We did not believe much of all this that was told in regard to the place, considering the greater part of the information of that mythical construction common to the character of such a region.

Our intention of starting early in the morning from C—a was frustrated by one of the horses casting a shoe, and it was nearly 9 when we entered the woods beyond C—a. However, we had the prospect of a moonlight night and did not despair of reaching L—d in fairly good season. We crossed the watershed at the Mendocino valley, and were descending into that of Humboldt, the road following the twisting Eel River. Here begins the greatest redwood belt in the state, and as we saw the trees which were 100 feet or so high on the foothills assume such mammoth proportions that the distance to their tops could scarce be measured in as many yards. They now became an important factor in the topography of the road, which levitated from its course continually, obedient to the dictation of these monarchs. This constant interruption made what had been a fairly direct road a system of geometrical curves, impossible to follow in any fixed direction. From a country it became a labyrinth. The great size and abundance of the trees stilled the atmosphere, giving a somber effect to all the varied sounds natural to the woods. We could see limbs swinging at the tops of the trees and yet scarce hear or perceive a trace of the wind which must have been strong to move them so violently. The very jingle of our saddle equipments seemed discordant amid the deeper harmonies.

It was here, in the stage times, that Black Bard, the poet highwayman, reaped many a rich harvest. His was a chivalrous nature, and his memory is held sacred in many a cabin in the woods. One stage driver told with pride how, after relieving him of the mail and Wells-Fargo's box, Black Bard asked him for a chew of tobacco. His *nom de plum* arose from the fact that, after rifling the mail, he would jot down a doggerel verse upon the back of some specially lucrative envelope—an extemporaneous address of sympathy to the owner of the package—and sign "The Black Bard." His final capture, after many liberal rewards, was unique. Being interrupted in his self-enforced inspectorship of a mail, he departed, in his haste leaving one of his cuffs. This was traced by the laundry mark to San Francisco and led to his capture. Stories as to his prowess and the speed and beauty of his horses are too numerous to mention. His great virtue, so the people said, was his liberality to the poor, and the fact that he never robbed from any one but the express company and the mail. As we threaded the tortuous road we could easily imagine a highwayman stepping from behind one of the enormous trees and calling on us to "hold up our hands."

Coming upon a little spring, we halted awhile to refresh both ourselves and our horses. Here we calculated that we were distant but eight miles from L—L— and still had 23 more to go before L—d was reached. It being but little past noon, our ride through L—L— before dark and reaching L—d in good time seemed a foregone conclusion. Nature, however, often upsets the best of calculations, for scarcely were we remounted when a heavy shower came on, softening the road so as to make a slow walk good speed. Our hopes fell with the rain, which was dismal enough in the big woods, rendering still darker a gloomy way. To return was as far out of our plan as to continue, the woods at night being as dark as a pocket. L—L— must be our abiding place perforce. We consulted, therefore, as to the best means to avoid trouble should the inhabitants feel in a sportive mood.

It being the middle of the week

was a point in our favor, as there would in all probability be few outsiders in town. Our first care was Wilson, whose verdancy was too apparent to conceal and would, no doubt render him more or less a butt of frontier wit. Bob advised him to go to bed at once on his arrival, and said by way of inducement that he could then watch our property, which we would of course be obliged to leave in our rooms. Wilson was perfectly willing to do this, especially after Bob's graphic description of "the dancing act," firing a revolver under a man's feet to see if they are tender. Our most emphatic advice was not to show any money over that absolutely essential for his expenses. The rain and mud had sufficiently taken the newness from our outfit, and we thought we could represent ourselves as going north to work on some of the big ranches.

It was near dark when we reached the town and slowly rode through the one street on which it was built, looking for the best appearing hotel. On both sides were rows of hotels, gambling houses, barrooms and stores, sometimes separate, but oftener all combined in one building. With the desire of getting as far as possible through the town, we selected the last house on the road and applied for shelter. The rain had ceased, and the sky was beginning to clear. We almost regretted that we had not decided to keep on, but the horses were too tired to make the idea feasible. As we rode through the village the "stoop population" were interested enough to comment on the general appearance of us and our horses, but in no way other than common to all western towns. One remark I remember applying to Wilson: "That yellow haired one on the mule is a tenderfoot—look at his 'chaps'!" Wilson had leggings instead of boots.

We went to a stable between the hotel and woods, unsaddled our horses, and taking our rifles, etc., went up to our rooms. Bob and I soon went down to our supper, which was fairly good for the country. We told the people, who seemed rough, but pleasant, that our friend was too tired to come down and secured supper for him. Taking down his dishes, we sauntered into the barroom and were agreeably disappointed to find things fitted up as well as elsewhere along the road. The building was of a class common in the west, an oblong two-story structure, with piazza facing the street. Down stairs were the barroom, kitchen, dining room and owners' living rooms, while the entire second story was for guests. This was subdivided by a narrow hall running lengthwise, leaving numerous small boxes called bedrooms on either side, one row fronting the piazza and the street, and the other commanding an extensive rear view. As we were about the only guests, we had rooms in the front row. The house was unplastered, and only the lower floor rooms were ceiled.

Bob and I seated ourselves in the barroom and answered the various questions commonly asked of travelers and began to laugh at our fears, although there were some pretty tough faces among the auditors.

Our attention was attracted to a cowboy who appeared a stranger, like ourselves, and who volunteered the information that he, too, was going to L—d in the morning. Although we had always made a rule to be chary in talking to strangers, there was something in his face and manner attractive, and I found myself holding quite an animated conversation with him. His name was Dick. This involved an invitation to drink, which I compromised by the less of two evils—a western cigar—which I smoked to the bitter end. I had just resumed my good old pipe in order to remove the unpleasant taste of "friendship's offering," when I heard a door open and was surprised to see Wilson come into the room. He said he had just run down for a moment for some cigars, and I let him court his fate and purchase some of the brand I had smoked. To my surprise, he offered a \$20 goldpiece in payment.

This was the keynote to the whole trouble. The barkeeper, a big, burly, foxy-eyed fellow, slid the gold back of the counter, passed out the cigars and returned change for only \$1. Wilson told him he had given him \$20. The barkeeper bluntly denied this, and produced a silver dollar as the one handed him and appealed to a bystander, who, of course, confirmed his statement, and, moreover, challenged any one in the house to differ. Although many had seen the transaction, no one objected, and

Wilson, after hesitating a moment, came back to me. In language more emphatic than polite I told him to go up to his room. Dick looked surprised, and when Wilson had gone asked if he was one of our party. I replied in the affirmative and gave the circumstances of Wilson's connection with us. Dick studied a moment and then asked, "Are you going to let him lose that money without making a kick?" I told him I did not see any other way to do, as to make a row in that place would be foolish. He wanted to know what I would give him to get the coin back, and I replied that he could have the whole as we had lost our claim.

"Will you back me up, and has your friend (meaning Bob) got any sand?" said Dick.

I was very much worked up over the whole affair, although I don't believe in getting into a row unless it is forced upon a man, it goes against one's grain to see such a barefaced robbery as Wilson's, so I said, "Yes," although I did not really believe that he was in earnest—in fact I could not imagine how he would go about a recovery I was soon to learn.

We had remained in the barroom an hour after Wilson's retirement, and the place had gradually become deserted until there were but half a dozen people besides the barkeeper and our selves remaining and several of these were sleepy drunk. The barkeeper, though he glanced now and then in our direction, paid us no other attention. He seemed to have forgotten the gold episode. I had given up any idea that Dick's suggestions were coming to a point, and was thinking of retiring, when he got up, sauntered over to the bar in an easy manner, and quick as a flash, covered the barkeeper with his revolver, and asked him to "return that money." Bob and myself at once covered the remainder of the party, who protested, however, that they had no intention of interfering. The barkeeper saw his predicament and sullenly handed out a \$20 goldpiece. The only remark he made was, "You'll wish you was 'burning' before you ever started for L—L, and if you think you are going to come in on us so easy you are making a—big mistake."

Dick did not reply, and soon we all went up to Wilson's room. As we went up stairs we could distinguish among the babble of cries the words, "That's a plucky cuss." "Are you going to let those tenderfeet beat you?" "Gee, Bill, you've been held up. You've got to treat." "It won't do for those fellows to boast that they did up L—L—," and then Bill's deep voice: "And they won't either. I'll get my innings before they leave, you mark me."

We found Wilson barricaded the door of the room with bureau and washstand. We held a council of war.

We could hear the men talking below us.

Wilson's room was directly over the bar, and by cutting a hole through the flooring we left only the ceiling between them and us, so we could hear distinctly everything they said.

Fortunately the affair occurred too late to bring out a big crowd, and only a few of the near neighbors, attracted by the report, had come in.

They decided that we were too well armed to assault us in our rooms, especially as we were on our guard, but thought the best idea would be to attack us when we came down, as we would have to do or starve. With this idea, one of them commenced boring holes in the stairway casing, presumably to shoot through.

Naturally we prepared to go out the window.

The bed was one of the old-fashioned roped kind, and removing the rope from this and blowing out our light we laid the bedclothes on the roof, removed our boots and carefully crawled to the far end of the piazza. The noise in the barroom seemed to have drowned any noise we made, and our only fear was of some one coming out. Tying our rifles and other things into two bundles, Dick lowered them, and then we all slid down the corner post and put for the woods. There we finished dressing, and Dick and I then went to the stable for our horses. The clouds had been breaking away for some time, and the moonlight made us so conspicuous that we had to watch the shadows as we dodged across the open space. We had little trouble in finding our horses, and started out, each leading two, I in advance. As my head horse approached the threshold of the door, his sharp hoofs came down upon a flat stone with a loud clatter.

I expected every moment to see the hotel door open, but they either did not hear or thought it a common noise in the stable.

Fearing a repetition of the alarm, I ripped up an old blanket, and muffling the horses' hoofs we led them out where the others were waiting, trying to account for our long delay. Then all commenced arranging their things on their saddles. I finished first, and mounting my horse, with my rifle on my knee, placed myself as a scout to watch the hotel. I confess that I then felt comfortable for the first time that night. It was well I did, for no sooner had I mounted and my horse moved a few steps away than one of the other horses sounded a neigh that roused all the occupants of the house we had had left. Flinging open the door so that the light fell full upon me, some one yelled, "They are getting away!" and emptied his revolver at us. We could hear the bullets sing about us, but no damage was done, and as the others were ready Bob called to me to "pull out."

This I would have been glad to do, but my horse refused to budge a step. I think he was dazzled by the flashes from the revolver. I never thought of dismounting, but receiving another salute opened up with eight of my heavy cartridges at the doorway. When I finished, it was vacant. I heard the bottles break as the balls went crashing into the woodwork of the bar. Dick in the meantime had ridden back to see what the trouble was, and was firing his 44 rifle as fast as he could. L—L— was certainly being waked up. You could see lights appearing all along the street. But no one came our way on account of the bullets. I think the people thought we were the landlord's party in the wood attacking the unruly guests.

One fellow I shall never forget. He came out of the house and was just aiming to fire as I shot. He made a perfect picture of the tragic as he gave a little spring, his rifle fell to the ground and soon he himself staggered into a sitting posture. I had hit him in the shoulder. A second later I saw a flash from the barn and felt a burning sensation in my neck. Jabbing my spurs into my horse, to my glad surprise he started on a run after the others. Dick lost no time in following. We found Wilson suffering from a severe wound in the cheek. A ball had glanced from a tree and cut him quite badly. My neck had just a scratch.

We pushed the horses along at a sharp gallop for some distance, in spite of the mud, and then halted for a consultation. It was perfectly silent in the woods. I advised going on to L—d. Dick, however, raised some objections, saying there were lots of short cuts by which the L—L—ites could get ahead of us, especially as they had fresh horses and they would certainly try to. He knew of an old claim up the creek which the road crossed a little way ahead, where we would be perfectly safe, if we could throw them off our trail. This we decided to try. When we arrived at the creek, Dick sent Bob and Wilson up the creek, telling them to keep in the water all the time. The creek was one of those shallow, rapid streams common to the section, and the directions were not difficult to follow. Having started them, he and I crossed the creek and continued on the road for nearly a mile. Then we came to a rocky ridge. Riding to the top of this, we followed it until we reached the creek, about half a mile below our first crossing. We continued up to the roadway and over the same route again, and at last a plain trail going along the road from the creek should the searching party examine our tracks.

As we turned on up the creek I thought I heard voices back of us, but was not sure. We hurried along, the rushing of the water drowning the rattle of our horses' hoofs against the stones. It was some time before we overtook Bob and Wilson, and all were feeling tired out, horses and men, when Dick led the way up the bank, through the redwoods, to our goal. We found there a fair cabin. Tethering our horses, we went inside and built a big fire of dry wood, and arranging our saddles and helmets lay down to rest. How we did sleep! It was broad sunlight and a gorgeous day when at last we awoke. After a wash in the creek, had it not been for Wilson's cheek, it would have been hard to realize that our previous evening's experience was more than a dream. The horses were feeding on

the rich bottom grass, and this reminded us that we had nothing to eat. To shoot would attract attention, and although we had seen deer about we left them alone.

Bob's ingenuity came to our rescue. He had noticed several coveys of quail in and about the clearing, which on his approach scurried through a gap in a thicket. Acting on this idea, he constructed a fence in shape of a V, and at the apex fixed a cage trap, so that by pulling a string it locked the quail in. We went out as beaters and soon had a fine covey running along his new roadway, and when he sprang the trap we were possessed of over 20 fine quail. These we broiled, and no one objected because they had not been hung up two weeks before.

We rested all day undisturbed and retired to another night's rest. Getting up early the next morning, we at a breakfast of cold quail and stated for L—d. When we came to the road, it looked as though a small army had crossed, but as the freshest tracts pointed toward L—L— we kept on toward L—d, confident of not being disturbed. Once there we felt perfectly safe, as old L—d was noted for his sterling qualities, and Dick knew him well.

On our arrival his greeting was indeed cordial. They had heard of the L—L— affair, and hearing nothing of us feared we had been captured by the pursuing party. We remained with him two days. During that time the rumor became current that the L—L—ites had got wind of our whereabouts and were coming up to clear us out and L—d, too, if he made any objection, but we never saw anything of them. On leaving we asked for our bill and surprised to be told there was none, with the additional remark "Any one who can clean out L—L—, travels free at L—d."

Dick I persuaded to remain with us, promising him work. Wilson was for starting home at once, but after his face healed he enjoyed many a month's hunt in the woods.

The \$20 goldpiece I purchased of Dick and kept as a memento of a very trying time.—Arthur Llewellyn in New York Post.

BLUE-EYED CATS.

I notice the following in your issue of to-day at the foot of the seventh column of the second page: "Blue-eyed cats are said by Darwin to be always deaf." If Prof. Darwin made such a statement, without any qualification, he was certainly in error. In 1873 I had a blue-eyed yellow male cat that could hear perfectly, and if I had been aware that Mr. Darwin had made the above-mentioned statement I would have communicated with him on the subject, and taken great pleasure in showing him a specimen of blue-eyed cat that could hear, and I have no doubt that eminent naturalists would have been delighted to see it. This cat was born at Hornsey, near London, in 1873, and died several years later in Berkshire, close to the city of Oxford. It never seemed to surprise any one that this cat, although blue-eyed, could hear. There was a prevalent idea, and one which may be entirely correct, that white cats with blue eyes are deaf. I have a white male cat with blue eyes which is perfectly deaf. He is at this moment lying on the table where I am writing. It may be interesting to naturalists to learn that this cat, although deaf is by no means dumb, and that it mews in the same tone of voice as other cats which are in possession of the faculty of hearing. This would seem to indicate that, so far as animals are concerned, hearing is not a prerequisite to the ability to utter sounds, as is the case with human beings, but noises made by animals are instinctive, and not the result of imitation.—Ez.

How to Prepare Curry.

The simplest way to prepare a meat curry is as follows: Free a piece of cold meat from fat, bone and skin and cut it into pieces. Put in a frying pan 3 tablespoonsful of butter and 1 of chopped onion. Let these cook together for five minutes and stir frequently. Add 2 tablespoons of flour and a full teaspoon of curry powder. Stir a minute. Gradually add a pint of cold stock or cold water. Boil two minutes, stirring constantly. Add a half teaspoon of salt and boil for three minutes. Strain this sauce over the cold meat and cook for five minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

Two trained mice operate a spinning machine devised by a Glasgow machinist.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Those of the inmates who can see well have been requested to say the Lord's Prayer in concerted signs when they assemble in the chapel.

Miss Anna McBride, of Port Richmond, spent February 22d here, and enjoyed a nice visit. She returned home on the 24th, to be ready for her school-room duties the next day.

The new masonic temple which has been erected opposite No. 33 Cannon Street, Poughkeepsie, is a magnificent structure. The Nelson family have a good view of it from their front windows.

Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. Roberts intended to take a ride on the afternoon of the 16th ult. They were but a little distance from the home grounds when the sleigh got broken. Mrs. Roberts fell out upon the snow wrapped in blankets. She presented a funny sight, but managed to extricate herself. However, there was not a frown on her venerable brow. Mrs. Nicholson checked the horse and led him to the barn dragging the vehicle along. The other lady came back and told the story of the mishap to half a dozen of the women who gathered around her, curious to know what had happened.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain preached in the chapel on Sunday the 10th ult., so Dr. Gallaudet remained in New York.

Last month two plumbers made some necessary repairs in the house.

Mrs. C. M. Nelson and Mrs. R. F. Cray, Miss E. P. Nelson and Mrs. C. H. Roberts, of the Ladies Board, called here on a recent Saturday afternoon.

Mention was made in this paper a short time ago of Mr. Hedges, private secretary to Mayor Strong, of New York City. Mr. Hedges' mother is deaf, but she never attended school for the education of our class of people. She is said to be wealthy. Her husband was killed in battle during the Civil War. After that Mrs. Hedges and her son removed from Dansville, N. Y., to the metropolis, where they have since been boarding.

The breakfast hour has been changed from half past seven o'clock to seven, as the days are growing longer.

A party was tendered the members of a club down at the farm house some weeks ago. Mr. Isaac Gardner is connected with the club, but was unable to be present.

Wednesday, the 20th, Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Lord were at the Home on business. They stayed overnight.

Washington's Day was remembered here. Mr. Hatch took a walk to the river, but on his return he brought no news. The inmates had crackers and oysters at supper. They went to the spacious sitting room in the annex building and passed the evening pleasantly. Dancing and games were indulged in. Miss MacBride gave an exhibition in calisthenics which was something new to them, though it is used in public schools and institutions.

Mr. Sprague occupied the chapel platform on Ash-Wednesday.

Not long ago several blue birds were seen flying about. They must have mistaken the season, for it was still winter.

Miss Fischel and a room-mate had a sleigh-ride to New Hamburg lately. As they went jolting along, the bright rays of the sun streamed into their eyes, but what did they care, for they were glad to be out-dors.

Miss Minnie Pancoast, a deaf-mute young lady, sent six large illustrated books to the Home on the 1st inst. Her kindness is appreciated by all.

Somebody here who is eager to get information, wants to know if William Tell lived in Switzerland before Jesus Christ was on earth. We could not refrain from smiling at such an absurd question, but replied in the negative.

LOUISE.

March 4, 1895.

NOTICE.

An apron and necktie sociable is to be held in Adelphi Hall, corner of Adelphi Street and Myrtle Avenue, for the benefit of the poor, Saturday evening, April 27th, 1895. Given by the Brooklyn Guild. All are earnestly invited to attend. Gentlemen, thirty-five cents. Ladies furnish cake, fruit, or twenty-five cents. Committee: Misses H. Henry, R. Gantz and M. A. Renwick.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1905.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

How neglectful of their own interests the rank and file of the deaf are, can only be comprehended by those who are possessed of public spirit, and who have closely followed the prominent events among the deaf for a period of years. Few of them seem to understand that "the concern of one is the concern of all." Nevertheless, that is a maxim to be followed whenever any movement is on foot that affects the interests of any considerable portion of the deaf community.

In New York City and vicinity, there are probably more than 1500 deaf persons. That all of these have many interests in common every one must concede. Among the most important of these interests, is the question of the religious teaching of the adult deaf. All deaf-mutes are not of the same creed, but all of them, no matter to what belief they may cling, must recognize the importance to their spiritual well-being of having regular religious services and the attendant attractions that shall cause them to attend such services not merely from a sense of duty, but also to anticipate the weekly meetings with pleasure.

No church fulfills its mission that does not take into consideration the everyday environments of its communicants. It is not sufficient to preach a sermon replete with good advice and then send the congregation away to reflect on it. Especially is this true in the case of the deaf. They require to be led and encouraged. They need all the advantages and aids to proper living that the church can afford. That is what we hope they will have.

At no time in the history of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes has there been such an opportunity for thoroughly planning and reorganizing the mission, so that it will do the greatest good. We do not insinuate anything concerning the past, but there is no doubt whatever that the benefits of the future depend in a large measure upon prompt and proper action by those in authority at the present time.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes has been sold. A large sum of money was paid for the property. It had been utilized for religious purposes by a congregation of hearing people for many years. Although the recipient of gifts and legacies from good people, who felt a sympathy for the mission and the class of people who were specified in the corporate title of the church, the deaf have had no adequate representation in the vestry for many years. Affairs have been managed by hearing vestrymen, who knew absolutely nothing about the deaf congregation other than that it existed and met for an hour or so every Sunday afternoon. There are now but two vestrymen who are deaf. At one time there were five; but whenever a deaf vestryman died or was forced by circumstances to retire, a hearing man has been elected in his place.

The situation to-day is that, with a large sum of money at its disposal, St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes is likely to be located and building plans accepted without the deaf being allowed to make any suggestions. The location is apt to be far removed from the centre of the deaf population. The facilities and requirements for successful mission work among the deaf, are likely to be neglected. The hearing have hundreds of churches, but the deaf have only one. They

will soon be obliged to seek temporary quarters, and will have no permanent place of worship until the hearing representatives, who know nothing about their needs, get ready to provide one. We believe the best thing for all concerned would be a church for deaf-mutes only. Let us copy Philadelphia which has an active mission in a church for the deaf alone, and which has a congregation at its weekly services many times as large as is seen at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes in this city.

THE FOURTH CONGRESS of the British Deaf and Dumb Association will be held in Dublin, Ireland, next August. The date has not yet been decided upon. The committee in charge of the program is Messrs. F. Maginn and W. E. Harris. Maurice F. G. Hewson (21 Christian Union Building, Lower Abbey St., Dublin) is local secretary.

It is intended to make the congress international in character, and prominent deaf-mutes of other countries than Great Britain are invited to take part. The Archbishop of Dublin will preach the opening sermon, and a garden party, followed by an excursion to the Lakes of Killarney, is contemplated.

WHISPERINGS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is No. 61 Everett Street, Allston, Mass.

The ladies of the Charitable Relief Society held their annual election two or three weeks ago, and the following Board of officers were re-elected: President, Mrs. Rudolph; Vice President, Mrs. Adam Acheson; Secretary, Mrs. Frisbee; Treasurer, Mrs. Blanchard. The Visiting Committee were appointed for the ensuing year, Mrs. Barnard (Chairman), Mrs. Holmes and Miss Teele. The officers are well fitted for their duties, and a good year's work may be expected of them. They all are working for sweet charity's sake.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul attended the Sunday services at the Boston Society rooms for the first time since their marriage. Mrs. Paul was a Philadelphia young lady, and made many friends at the meeting. Mr. Paul has a steady situation as a type-setter at the Youth's Companion Building.

By way of variety, an Onion Party was played at the Society Rooms last Wednesday evening, and those young people who went for fun got plenty of it, while the air was redolent with the pungent odor of onions.

Miss Flagg is lavish in her expressions of pleasure at her generous treatment by the Philadelphians, and said that she was sorry when her pleasure trip was ended. She referred to her visit to Prof. Elwell, of Mt. Airy, and spoke in complimentary terms of his keen intelligence and conversational ability.

If it is true, as reported, that Texas has passed a law taxing bachelors fifty dollars per annum, Bro. Caraway could easily carry out that colonization scheme of a colony of deaf-mutes with one hundred and fifty acres to each deaf settler, by gathering in all the deaf bachelors of his State and sending to Boston for the old maids. There are plenty of deaf old maids hereabouts, growing up to old age in a state of neglect and unrequited affections, owing to the unparadise habit the young men have of going to New York for their wives.

Dr. Fay held services on Sunday, and after the close of services, he exhibited with just pride a pretty photographic group of Mr. Albert C. Powell's four children, the eldest being a young lady of eighteen. Mr. Powell was a pupil in the Ohio Institution under Dr. Fay's superintendency, and seems to share in common with the Ohio deaf a deep affection for the genial doctor.

The four handsome children were very much admired by the Bostonians. Dr. Fay said that the eldest girl looked just like her mother as he knew her. Mr. Powell's family group would form an admirable offset against the heartless and misleading newspaper cuts of the Martha's Vineyard colony of deaf-mutes spread broadcast with such evil intentions by the Volta Bureau, and confound the theory of a Deaf Variety of the Human Race.

Prof. Weeks is in the depths of affliction at present. His wife was brought home from New York in a precarious condition of health, and his son Henry, in whom he took so much pride, is in a serious condition at his home in Hartford, having been obliged a few weeks ago to give up his lucrative and responsible position in Boston by his ill-health which was brought on by a severe cold. Prof. Weeks has the sincere sympathy of his many friends all over New England.

Mr. W. Lynde, one of the pillars of the Boston Society, is beginning to feel the effects of his many years of service, and has not been so well as usual. He is just now recovered from a severe indisposition. Miss Flagg and Mrs. Abrams have almost filled their books for the gift to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet on the anniversary of their golden wedding. The rings in the book are a novel design and very appropriate.

As a means of obtaining subscriptions, the book is a good idea, and it is said to have come from the fertile brain of Chairman Hodgson of the Committee. All in New England, who love the good Doctor for his lifelong labors, should join in honoring him and his estimable wife. A good many will go from here to attend the brilliant reception in New York on July 15th next.

Mr. George Seward is back again at his case in the University Press in Cambridge, after an enforced absence of several months during which he worked for Schesor & Co. He is busy on "constitutional law."

MRS. EMELINE L. TEELE.

West Somerville has lost one of its oldest residents by the death of Mrs. Emeeline L. Teele, who passed away March 1st, after an illness of about a week, aged eighty years and ten months. Mrs. Teele was born in Cambridge near the foot of Newbury Street, and was a sister of the late Benjamin Lerner, who recently died in Cambridge. About sixty years ago she was married to Jonathan W. Teele. For a few years after their marriage they lived in Cambridge, after which they spent a number of years in Boston and Acton. In 1862 they moved to West Somerville, finally settling down in what is called the "Old Teele House" at the corner of Curtis Street and Broadway. At that time, there was no Holland Street or Davis Square and but a very few houses on Clarendon Hill. Now the whole locality is built over, but the Teele House remains as an old landmark.

Here Mrs. Teele was an invalid for the greater part of twenty-eight years. During that time, she sustained severe injuries and for a large number years was unable to move from her bed. Throughout the pains and suffering of these years, her patient and Christian spirit showed itself. No word of fault-finding with her fate was heard, but there was the simple feeling that it was all for the best. During her latter years, she patiently waited to be called away.

She was a member of the Baptist Church, which she attended regularly as long as her health permitted. She leaves five sons and two daughters, but with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, there are forty-two descendants living. The name of Teele is as well known on Clarendon Hill as the name of the hill itself. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon March 5. Rev. A. L. Snell and Rev. W. S. Apsey officiating. The interment was at Cambridge Cemetery.—From a Somerville paper.

The report that Harry E. Babbitt is at work in Fall River is said to be confirmed by a letter from him to Fred. Wood. Mr. Babbitt may be working in a photograph engraving establishment there, as he is quite an adept at the business. His many friends are glad to know he is doing so well, and we predict that he will make himself a leading spirit in Fall River and Providence.

The first prize offered by the North Dakota Banner for the best original story by pupils of our Institutions, was well won by a pupil of the Mt. Airy School. The compositions were unsigned, and Editor McGregor was one of the judges. What a joke on Mac! It was a pity that so few schools competed, and Editor Spear was disappointed. Suppose that he try again. It would arouse a more general interest.

The demand of Editor McGregor that the doors of all combined system schools be shut against the paid agent of a hostile organization, is a reasonable one and the Superintendents should stiffen up their backbone in justice to their pupils.

No walking delegate of any labor unions would be allowed admittance to buildings or factories, and when Peter Donohue, a deaf-mute mason builder, forcibly ejected a walking delegate from his building in Boston last year, because he was trying to get the men to strike for more pay. He was arrested on the charge of assault and battery, but the court discharged him on the ground that he was on his own premises and the delegate was interfering in an unwarrantable manner with his business. The same can be said of Dr. Gillett. He has no business to meddle with combined system schools in the interest of an organization that refuses all overtures for a union, and he should be respectfully but firmly refused admittance in the interests of the pupils. His latest attempt to discredit the sign language in the *Educator* is sufficient cause for the withdrawal of all diplomatic intercourse with him.

After such a clever exhibition of skill in salting down our purely-fresh critic, I may safely let "Tresmal" finish the job Tremesally.

EGOTISM OR EGO ALTRUISM.

"Egotism" is a much abused as well as an abusive word in the vocabulary of the silent press. Few of those who use it really know what the phrase means. It is mostly used as a fling in the spirit of envy by less fortunate writers. The word is a term of reproach or blame, yet, let an innocent writer relate an incident which came under his own eyes and has nothing of self-laudation in it, and straightway an envious scribbler accuses him of egotism. That is wide of the mark and is productive of more harm than good, as a gifted but sensitive writer would be so fearful of this enemy lurking in ambush, that he dares not put his best thoughts to paper, and the world is a loser by it.

In reality, there are two kinds of egotism, personal egotism and ego-altruism, but this distinction is either

lost sight of or ignored by writers. Pure, unadulterated egotism is the practice of magnifying the importance of one's self or one's achievements in a spirit of self-conceit or vanity. Self-conceit is an overweening opinion of one's talents and capabilities, as vanity is an inflation of the mind arising from self-praise or the flattery of other people. Vanity is the most common form of egotism among the writers of the silent press, and shows itself by an eagerness to catch the notice of other writers or by the clapping device of using another writer to puff him up, yet—and this is a curious bit of human nature—these same self-advertisers are among the first to cry down the other fellows with the catch-word "Egotism." It is understood from the foregoing that a man may make himself an egotist not only by the too-frequent use of "I," but also by other means of parading himself in print. In all such cases, the writer should be judged by his motives. If self-glorification were his impelling force, his egotism is to be condemned.

The publishing of portraits of the editors of a newspaper is no less an egotism than the use of "I," but it is in line with modern ideas of journalism, which say "Push yourself to the front and keep yourself to the public eye for the benefit of your business interests." But when a writer refers to himself unavoidably in his personal contact with the views or opinions of other people, and then only with no selfish motives but a desire to enlighten or benefit others interested in the same subject, that is not vulgar egotism but pure ego-altruism, and it would be ridiculous to argue otherwise.

The difference between an egotist and an ego-altruist is as wide as that between the Poles. A man, who relates his own impressions or describes his own experiences without a thought of self-laudation; is not an egotist in the common meaning of the term. Therefore let us give free play to all our mental faculties.

FREE LANCE.

BELL'S LIFE WORK.

THE INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE BUSY ON A NEW PLAN—ROMANCE IN HIS CAREER—HIS WIFE IS TOTALLY DEAF—WHILE EXPERIMENTING ON MECHANICAL APPLIANCES TO RELIEVE HER HE WORKED UP HIS CHIEF SUCCESS.

Perhaps few men whose names are a household word have so carefully hidden their personality from the public gaze as the inventor of the Bell Telephone. Every one has heard of Dr. A. Graham Bell, and every one knows of the invention which has made him famous, but with rare modesty the inventor has kept himself in the background, for while fame is pleasing to him as to every earnest man, notoriety is distasteful. It is for this reason, doubtless, that he leads a quiet life away from the centers of business and society, enjoying the results of his wonderful invention in a way most delightful to him, but which most rich men would deem slow and uninteresting.

A good example of this retiring disposition is shown in an anecdote related by Mr. Bell himself. Shortly after the telephone had proved its merit as a useful invention, the inventor, who has little taste for an active business life, became so weary of posing as a curiosity and of being placed on exhibition for the admiration of his countrymen, that he decided to hide himself for a time at least. He wanted to go to some place where the word telephone was unknown and where he would be again a plain American citizen. He chose Italy for his retirement and going to Florence he settled down in his hotel for a quiet rest. The next day after his arrival a visiting card was handed him bearing a name entirely unknown to him. What was his surprise when the stranger, upon being introduced, stated that he had come to present the compliments of the new telephone company organized a few months previous. The next day Mr. Bell and his party took their departure for regions kept unknown.

The history of the telephone has been so often written that the facts relating to its growth and development, its legal battles and patent complications, are too well known to need repetition. Few people, however, are aware that an interesting romance hides in the background. To go back to the beginning, there lived in the classic shades of Cambridge a Mr. Hubbard, who had four charming daughters. The father was fairly well to do and had a keen business tact, which he used to the advantage of his clients by keeping in touch with the law-makers in Washington. His youngest daughter when but five years of age was attacked with scarlet fever, which left her totally deaf. Everything possible was done for the child. She was sent to the best institutions in Europe, but her hearing was entirely gone. The rudiments of lip-reading were taught to her, as well as speaking by means of mechanical training of the vocal chords. On her return to her home, a young lady, her father decided to continue her education, and she was sent to an institution in Charleston. It was here she first met Mr. Graham Bell, then an instructor of some note in the institution. The sequel was an engagement between the teacher and his pupil.

It was while endeavoring to contrive some electrical method by which his fiancée could regain her lost sense that Mr. Bell, who was always of an inventive turn of mind, discovered the secret of the transmitter of the

telephone. At first he did not realize the importance of his discovery, and it was only after much persuasion that Mr. Hubbard, now his father-in-law, induced him to take out patents. The rest is well known.

He was none too soon. Patents were applied for by other inventors, and it was a most bitter legal controversy that the courts had to decide before it was finally settled that the Bell patents were prior to all others.

The romance does not end here. Before the teacher and pupil were married Mr. Bell had become a rich man, and it is said that on his wedding day he presented to Mrs. Bell all of his vast interests in the great company which bears his name. This magnificent wedding gift makes Mrs. Bell, so those who are well informed say, the wealthiest woman in this country.

The home of the Bells is in Washington, where, however, they spend but a small portion of each year. It is here that their two daughters are being educated. It is their country home that they all most enjoy. This is situated on one of the most beautiful spots in North America. Every tourist who has visited the Island of Cape Breton has heard of Ben Vriar (pronounced Ben Vrier), which is Gaelic for Beautiful Mountain. Mr. Bell himself discovered the spot some years ago when traveling in Cape Breton on business. It is situated just at the entrance to Baddeck, a little harbor on the Bras d'Or Lakes, that charming sheet of water, which cuts Cape Breton in two. A high promontory rises directly out of the water, and on the top of this he has built an elegant house, from the piazza of which there is a view of lake and mountain almost unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty. Not content with the mere site for a house, he purchased land in all directions until he is said to own a thousand acres or more.

Almost every afternoon in summer Mr. Bell, clad in velvet knickerbockers and negligé shirt and wearing a Scotch tam o' Shanter on his head, comes down the steps, which he has cut out of the solid rock, from his house to the water's edge, jumps lightly aboard his steam launch and starts off across the bay to the village.

A stranger meeting him at the dock as he lands wonders who that gentleman is with such a distinguished air, whom every one seems to admire and respect, for every one around Baddeck knows and admires Mr. Bell. And well they may, for it is largely owing to his influence that the little town which a few years ago was scarcely thought of sufficient importance to be mentioned on the maps, has grown into quite an important summer resort.

It is interesting to see the esteem, one might almost say reverence, in which the simple Scotch folk hold the inventor and his family. He has done much for them by improving their roads and adding many modern conveniences to their simple mode of life. He is a liberal subscriber to all their charities and improvement funds, and among the poor Mrs. Bell is an angel of mercy.

Mr. Bell is a tall, heavy, well-built man with large features, and an open, genial countenance. He has a massive head, firmly set to broad shoulders, and a forehead that of itself is sufficient to stamp him as a genius. He has a courtly, dignified bearing, which commands respect, and still a cordiality that does not seem to be at all assumed. In his own home he is one of the most charming of hosts. He has the rare tact necessary to place each guest in his most favorable light, and nothing can escape his attention which would add to the pleasure or comfort of his friends. He is well-versed in the arts and is somewhat of a musician. He enjoys sitting down at the piano to play an accompaniment or to improvise for his own amusement.

His devoted attention to his wife is a marked trait of his character. Not a look escapes him, and her wants are supplied before she can express them. He is always at hand to ward off any embarrassing circumstance that might arise owing to her misfortune, though she can read the lips with wonderful accuracy, and can talk remarkably well for one so afflicted.

Those who imagine that the inventor, having gained both fame and fortune, now sits down and idly enjoys the results of his labors make a great mistake. He is a very busy man, continually working on new inventions, and some day the world may again be startled by a marvelous contrivance, the result of his genius and labor. Connected with his magnificent house there is a well-appointed laboratory, which no one but himself and his secretary ever enters. Here he works every night from about nine o'clock until sunrise. He says that he can only do his best work at night, and during the day time he rests and sleeps. No one knows just in what line his work is leading him, though it is rumored that he is busy upon a flying machine. Regarding this, however, he is as silent as a sphynx.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT, MARCH 24.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 2.45 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

St. Paul Church, Bridgeport, 3 P.M.

Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester 3 P.M.

Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y., 11.

Trinity Church, Newark, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, 4 P.M.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Annual Gymnastic Exhibition.

RARE BOOKS AT SMITHSONIAN.

College Happenings.

From our Washington correspondent.

The fourteenth Annual Gymnastic Exhibition Friday evening was one of the most successful affairs of its kind that have been held within our memory. When Instructor Adams was congratulated, he said simply: "The credit all belongs to the boys. They did the work." The following constituted the Committee of Arrangements: Messrs. Marcosson, '95, Chairman; Bingham, '95; Sullivan, '95; Nicholson, '95, and Erd, '95.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PART I.

Dumb-Bell Drill—First Division.
Horizontal Bar—Erd, '98, Price and Stuttsman, '99.

Horse, Side—Howard, Marcosson, '95, Bowen, Kestner, Nicholson, '97, Erd, Warren, '98.

Chest Weights, Dumb-Bell, Club Swinging—Second Division.

Mat-Work—Erd, '98, Howard, '95, Warren, '98, Stuttsman and Price, '99.

Scientific Boxing—Instructor Adams and Grimm, '96.

PART 2.

Setting-Up Drill—Second Division.
Horse, Long—Howard, '95, Bowen, Nicholson, Whitlocke, '97, Erd, Roilert and Warren, '98.

High Jumping—Kiene, '95, Grimm, '96, Roilert, Warren, '98, Price and Bumgardner, '99.

Parallel Bars—Erd, '98, Howard, '95, Warren, '98, Stuttsman and Wornstaff, '99.

Obstacle Race.
Contortion Act.—Prof. M. A. Joyce, Instructor in Gymnastics, Carroll Institute.

The leaders of the first division were Messrs. Bingham and Marcosson, '95, and for the second division, Messrs. Peter, '95, and Sullivan, '96.

Nearly every performance was heartily applauded, and some were encored, but time would not permit a response. Erd, '98, particularly distinguished himself by the grace and skill he displayed, and Stuttsman, '99, *l'enfant du college*, was a close second on the horizontal bar. Price, '99, made the audience dizzy by turning himself into a revolving wheel with the bar as axle, and kept it up quite long ere he chose to descend with a fancy leap. The daring feats on and over the horse made the audience thankful it was only a make-believe animal that would not rear or plunge. The obstacle race was funny, and everybody wanted more of it. The contestants had their feet tied together, and were then sent ahead as best they could go; Stuttsman carried off one prize, a big bunch of bananas, and Bumgardner won the second—a loaf of graham bread! The scientific boxing of Mr. Adams and Grimm, and the wonderful contortion act of Prof. Joyce, were special features of the evening's entertainment. Mr. Adams' little son Merle was one of the guests, and when asked for his opinion on the boxing match, explained: "They don't fight; they box."

The Co-eds, after their four-months' experience in the gym, were better able to appreciate the good points of the exhibition. Their instructor, Miss Wicksel, was present, and expressed herself as much pleased with the attainments of the young men.

There were a number of guests from town, and the faculty was well represented.

And now that the gymnasium exhibition is over, the baseball fever will be more in evidence. Meanwhile, the Vesper Lawn Tennis Club has elected new officers, as follows: President, Howard, '95; Vice-President, Lewis, '96; Sec'y-Treasurer, Smielau, '97; Captain, Jackson, '98; Committeemen, Erd, '98, and Kestner, '97. The Constitution is now in the hands of a Committee on Revision: Messrs. Kestner and Whitlocke, '97, Jackson, '98. To arrange for a tournament, the following committee was appointed: Messrs. Hubbard and Lewis, '96, Smielau, '97.

The tennis-courts will, this year, be on the grounds east of the gym, the campus having earned a rest.

Miss McDill some time ago started a class in physical culture among the Kendall School girls. Some of the other Co-eds are now taking charge of the class by turns. It has been suggested that it would be a good thing if some student with time to spare could form a class among the boys of the Kendall School. For such as hope to become gymnasium instructors, the practice would be excellent.

The cable cars of the Columbia Railway are making their debut one by one, and the horse-cars are being gradually removed. May the poor, patient horses, find good homes in the country and live on the fat of the land to the end of their days.

The Herdie Company, perhaps to forestall a decline of custom on account of the cable-road, has reduced fares from five to three cents.

The Juniors and Seniors had their last reunion in International Law, Thursday, Dr. Gallaudet concluding the course by an interesting lecture

to the class on Friday morning. This study and that of Political Economy have given a new interest and comprehension to readers of the daily papers.

Having occasion to visit the Smithsonian recently, and being referred to the library of the Surgeon-General, we went thither, and incidentally were shown some rare old books, one of which was a manuscript of parchment, with illuminations partly in beaten gold, and between genuine old board covers nearly three-quarters of an inch thick. Over the wood was smoothly stretched pigskin. The date was 1349 A.D. Its title was "Gordoni Lilium Medicinum." There are 162 curious old books that date back prior to 1500, in this library, and the medical works of all countries and languages seem to be represented, in volumes and pamphlets, most carefully arranged in iron-frame cases. An odd satire on doctors is seen in an old colored print on the office wall. It represents a healthy looking gentleman and his wife paying a visit to a fat and prosperous doctor. The gentleman says: "You see, doctor, my wife and I are come to ask your advice; we eat well, drink well, sleep well, yet we are somehow queerish." The doctor replies: "You eat well, drink well, sleep well! You are perfectly right in coming to me. I will do away with all these things."

Mr. Ely's text Sunday was taken from the twelfth verse of the thirty-fourth Psalm: "What man is he that desireth life?"

JANUS.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Mrs. Geo. Homer lately heard from her niece, Eva Swift, who is a missionary in India.

Attention is called to the change of the advertisement of the Manhattan Literary Association.

Mrs. William LeClair, of Massillon, Ohio, has passed through a severe case of sickness. But we are pleased to say that she is improving, though not near well yet.

Mr. William F. Shanks, of Albany, N. Y., and M. Revben C. Post, of Stillwater, N. Y., spent a couple of days last week with Mr. and Mrs. John R. Becker, in North Easton, N. Y.

T. C. Fitzgerald, a Chilcopee, Mass., deaf-mute, has got a puzzle which he invented to Robert & Wood, of Boston. The price was \$4.00. It is said to be a good one and well worth the price.

A deaf-mute, named Hogben, called at the shop where Edward Duran works, in Boston, and begged for money. Mr. Duran is indignant that a young able-bodied deaf-mute should sink so low.

On March 3d, Mayer Drasky, a former pupil of the Fanwood School, now at Schenectady, N. Y., and running a tailor-shop in that city, was married to Rosie Zipser, of the 67th Street School. Now they are housekeeping in Schenectady.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Lashbrook, of Potsdam, N. Y., had the pleasure of entertaining as their guest Mr. John K. Chamberlain, son of the late Editor of the *Deaf-Mute's Register*—Wm. Martin Chamberlain—during the later part of last week.

Mr. Elias Myers, of Canton, Ohio, spent Sunday in Massillon with his friend, John Buehler. He enjoyed the electric car trip between Canton and Massillon, especially the open air. Mr. Myers is a bachelor, and surely a more jolly, good-natured man never lived than Elias, and he has a good job in this Gilman Manufacturing Company in that city.

William G. Jones, B. A., under the auspices of the Manhattan Literary Association, will give a brilliant recital of "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin," on Thursday evening, March 23rd next, at St. Ann's S. S. rooms. In is anticipated a large crowd will be present as this will probably be the last entertainment of the season, before the ancient building is razed to the ground.

A very enjoyable party was given in Arlington, Mass., in honor of Mrs. George Homer's birthday, by her children. At the same time a fine portrait of Mr. Geo. Homer's father was sent to the married daughter of Mrs. Homer, as a present from her cousin, of Roxbury. It was hung up at once. Elder Homer was a captain at the Custom House for 33 years. His son George died with him for 25 years, and also at Post Office 15 years.

A number of young friends of Miss Gertrude Douglas, of Vernon street, were invited to assist in helping celebrate her 12th birthday, which occurred yesterday. The reception was from 4 to 8 o'clock, and the little ones seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Music and games were indulged in and refreshments served. Miss Douglas was the recipient of numerous presents, among which was a costly gold watch and chain from her grandfather. The watch bore the inscription, "G. E. D., 1893-1905."—Gardner, Mass., Journal, March 13.

A Word Folly Spoken.

Dialogue between a very pretty songstress and a famous composer, who has no pretension to pose as a bel esprit:

"Tell me, my dear maestro, if you had your choice, which of the two would you prefer—to be blind or deaf?"

"Deaf, madam, when I am to king at you, and blind when I hear you sing!"—*Petit Meridional*.

COLUMBUS.

The Reunion of the Alumni Association.

AN AGRICULTURAL GENIUS.

Mr. Waite Holds On—News Items.

From our Columbus Correspondent.

The trustees of the institution will have their monthly meeting Monday, and quite an important matter, to the deaf of Ohio especially, will come up for consideration. The trustees will be asked to allow the Alumni Association to hold its reunion in the building during the coming summer. We have no doubt that permission will be granted, for such a request has never yet been refused. As on two former occasions, a charge for board will be required, but as the amount, probably fifty cents a day, is insignificant, there should be no serious objections raised and there will not, we promise. A desire for holding the reunion is manifesting itself among the deaf in various sections of the State, though one would suppose that owing to the stringency of the times for the past two years, very few would desire it to hold for a year at least. The fact, however, that the Association has purchased a home for its infirm deaf, and a desire to get it into working order as soon as possible, has probably inspired a meeting of the Association this year, among the members. On the whole this is as it should be. There is still more money to raise to pay off the purchased property. The necessary amount can more easily be secured by having the members here than through correspondence. Officers to run and manage the home, must also be chosen. The present board has only to do with the raising of funds.

Ever since the association was formed in 1870, its meetings have been held either in August or September. A desire has been shown on the part of those in authority at the institution to have the meeting held in June as it would less interfere with the house-cleaning details during vacation. It is very likely, however, that Superintendent Eagleson will allow the meeting to be held at such time as the executive committee deems best. A meeting in June would be a novelty to members of the association. At the same time, especially this year, the attendance would be small on account of the hard times, with only a short period to make preparations for the event. As many of the members are farmers, June is an unseasonable time for them to leave their work for pleasure bent. The meeting of the trustees Monday will also be the last one in which Hon. Samuel A. Kinnear will serve. His term expires April 14th. He has been trustee for five years, and but for a law passed several years ago, which prohibits persons serving as trustee of an institution residing in the same county in which the institution is located, he would have been re-appointed for another term.

Mr. George Evans of the A. C. Evans Manufacturing Co., of Springfield, Ohio, has taken up quarters at the Arcade Hotel, where he should hereafter be addressed. He has taken this step so as to be more independent. Business of his firm seems booming. They manufacture corn planters, drills and harrows. His brother has just invented a potato planter, by which they expect to revolutionize the old method of planting potatoes, and thus reap a big profit. They are one of the most successful manufacturing firms of agricultural implements in the country.

Political parties may come and go, but the Franklin County Court House, but Mr. L. D. Waite holds on to his place in the Recorder's office all the same. This is not because he stands in with the bosses of the different parties—far from it—but because of his general knowledge of the duties pertaining to the office. This renders him of great assistance to each new man elected to the office, who finds he can not do without him. Mr. Waite is a sort of a dictionary in the office. Every time a person comes in for some information pertaining to the County's records, he is referred to Mr. Waite, who like Webster's supplies all the needed information in less time than it takes to tell it. There was a change of officers in the Recorder's office caused by the election last November, and a new man, Mr. Peters, assuming charge, he had the good sense among his first appointments to retain Mr. Waite in the position he has so long held. That he will never be sorry for making the selection is a foregone conclusion.

Frank Senacle, a former pupil here, residing near Tanesville, Ohio, died Tuesday morning, of brain fever. He was twenty-three years old.

Mr. Simon Kingry has sold his farm down near Bloomfield, and moved to Urbancet, about six miles south-west of Columbus, where he has purchased property.

It's still winterish hereabouts, snow covers the ground, and March winds give every body the shakes. However, we have some consolation in the fact that the Columbus weather prophet, Prof. O'Nara, has predicted more genial weather in the near future.

Frank E. Philpott has moved from

Ravenna to Akron, where he has secured employment in the Werner Printing Department.

A number of the Akron deaf gave a surprise party Jacob Emerling, Saturday evening, and also presented him with a fine rocking-chair as a reminder of his 45th birthday anniversary. Among those present were J. W. W. Powell, Elmer Siegfried, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Frank E. Philpott, Sebastian Schriener, Lester Martin, and Misses Rader and Young. Games and refreshments were plentiful, to make the evening enjoyable. Mr. Emerling works as a leather and cloth cutter for the Werner Company, and has been with the firm a number of years.

Miss Cloa Lamson, one of the young ladies of the High Class, was one of the successful contestants in the prizes offered by the North Dakota Bazaar for the best composition or original story, written by pupils of the Institutions. She carried off 2d prize.

A. B. G.

March 16, '95.

TEACHING THE DEAF.

We, who receive the *Evangelist* into our homes, have come to feel great respect, not only for Dr. Field, but also for the managing editor, and all others whose business it is to care for the reading matter published in the columns of the paper. The spirit of moderation and fairness which has characterized the *Evangelist*, prompts me to make a brief response to some of the statements made in the issue of February 14th, on "Hearing With the Eyes."

The writer of the article in question has never taught a deaf child, has never had any official connection with schools for the deaf, and of the hundreds of names published by the Volta Bureau at Washington, of those interested in the education of the deaf, the name of J. S. Millington Miller, M.D., appears nowhere in the list. This, however, would be no objection to the contribution, were it not for the inaccuracies, misstatements and serious charges contained in it. Teachers of the deaf are always glad to welcome the general public to an examination of their work, and to study the methods of teaching in vogue among them. They do, however, protest against that impractical affectation of knowledge which attempts to teach the public after a brief, superficial inspection of the work of teaching deaf-mutes.

I have received during the past six months, at intervals, several newspapers and journals, containing the same article, with variations, illustrated by cuts of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia. It is difficult for those of us engaged in the practical work of teaching the deaf, to understand why four metropolitan journals should permit contributors to exploit the achievements of the school at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, when the New York Institution at Washington Heights, and the excellent oral school on Lexington Avenue, have been teaching speech and lip-reading for more than a quarter of a century. Without entering at this time upon the question of how to educate deaf-mutes, I take the following exceptions to the article on "Hearing With the Eyes":

1. It is very far from the truth to say that "eighty per cent of the schools of this country are manual schools." See *American Annals for the Deaf*, January, 1895, for the correct facts in the case.

2. The man who says that oralism has become the accepted policy of the schools of great Britain, is not correctly informed on the question. The *British Quarterly of Deaf-Mute Education* for January will satisfy any one who cares to examine the matter, that this claim has no foundation in fact. The school recently organized at Preston, Lancashire, has adopted the combined system of the United States.

3. To assert that half the children of married deaf-mutes are also deaf, is an error so gross and colossal that one wonders how any man wearing an M.D. to his name can find standing in his profession by repeating this slander as Dr. Miller has been doing. 4. It is claimed that the pure-oral method will prevent marriages among the deaf. This is not true. It is not true of the oral schools of this country. In Germany, where the oral method has had full swing for a century, the deaf continually find partners among the deaf, and in that country the number of deaf-mutes is 30 per cent greater than with us.

5. The charge that this great and free country is lagging behind in the education of the deaf, has nothing to sustain it. Dr. H. P. Peet, a former principal of the New York School; Dr. Weld, of the American School at Hartford; and the late Prof. Day, of New Haven, at that time a teacher of the deaf, were sent to Europe to study the methods of teaching prevailing there. They returned home, reported in favor of the American system. Dr. L. L. Peet, Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, Dr. E. M. G. Ilardet, of Washington, D. C., Dr. Gillett, of Illinois, and Dr. Warring Wilkinson, of the Institution at Oakland, California, have since made individual tours of inspection, and reaffirmed the testimony of the first committee, of the superiority of our American Schools over those of Europe.

6. Children in an oral school, do not learn to talk (meaning by that what the public would understand by it) in a few years. It is no such easy task. It takes many years of the utmost patience and labor to develop

even imperfect speech, in one born deaf.

7. The charge that "miserable self-interest in the part of deaf teachers of the deaf blocks the way to progress," is another of those ungenerous and unworthy accusations that we cannot help thinking must have crept into the columns of the *Evangelist* through some inadvertence. Deaf teachers have nothing to do with the educational policy of the various institutions for the deaf in the United States. The care of these schools is placed in the hands of men of the highest reputation and character, and it is for them to determine upon the methods of education to be pursued. It has pleased the trustees and directors of schools for the deaf to appoint qualified deaf persons to be teachers, and I think it may be fairly presumed that the men who bear the responsibilities of these institutions, without pay or emolument of any kind, know what is best for the children with whose care they are intrusted, as well as those whose partisan zeal leads them to such exaggerated statements of their own particular hobbies.

8. The attitude of American teachers of the deaf has been clearly set forth at the various conventions held by them. We believe in giving every child a fair trial to acquire speech and lip-reading; personally I go farther and believe in persisting in the use of speech throughout the whole period of school life; but we will not be bound by narrow theories of education, to speech alone. We believe in using all the resources of nature, science and art, to enlarge the intellectual life of the children who come to our schools. We are also firmly convinced, that in many cases, the amount of time spent in the specialization of speech brings no adequate return, and, persisted in, works so great a disadvantage to the mental development of a child, that it may never recover from it.

9. Teachers of the deaf have studiously refrained from going into print with sensational accounts of lip-reading like those narrated in the article on "Hearing with the Eyes." They border too closely upon the showman's vocation to hold any serious place in our thoughts. The most characteristic thing in all lip-reading is the extreme difficulty and uncertainty of the art; its imperfections, perplexities, and disappointments, are a constant source of anxiety. There are, however, among women, a large number (many of whom have never seen even the outside of a school for the deaf), who read the lips of those of their own household with a fair degree of success. To become a good lip-reader needs long years of practice, a quick intuitive mind, and a good general knowledge of the idiom and structure of the English language, an acquisition the born deaf rarely attain to.

10. It would be an easy matter to furnish a long list of expert lip-readers from this American School at Hartford, but I forbear trespassing farther, save to say, that the Portland School (Maine) for the Deaf, after an experience of twenty years with the oral method, has within the last year adopted the combined system, the result of careful comparison of the two systems.

A DEAF AND DUMB BOY'S KEEN SIGHT.

That the loss or impairment of the five senses renders the other four keener, is a fact pretty generally accepted. A Baltimore gentleman is the father of four children. The oldest, a boy now about 15, was born deaf and dumb. He was a precocious child, and at the age of six he learned lip language so well that he could understand the words that were being pronounced by watching the mouth of the speaker. This he could do with an entire stranger. His vision is something marvelous, both as to acuteness and range. One night last week his father took him to see a famous magician who was then performing in Baltimore. The boy watched half a dozen feats in legerdemain, and then signified to his father that he wanted to go home. "This does not interest me," he said rapidly with his fingers. "Why do these people applaud? What is there to see?"

The parent was somewhat astonished. He thought the performance would be in the nature of a treat. Nevertheless he complied with the request, and with his son left the theater. Then he asked him why he had not been entertained.

"Because," answered the boy in sign language, "that man picked up a pack of cards, took one out and hid it under his vest. Then he took a coin and pretended to swallow it, but kept it in his hand," and the mute went on and described each and every trick he had witnessed. There was no slightest-of-hand about any of them to him. His eye was so quick that he detected the deception at once, and, not knowing it was intended to be a deception, could not understand why people should waste the time watching a man go through certain motions. This is an actual instance, and proves that the eye can be educated to be quicker than the hand.—*Exchange.*

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

MARCH.
24-10:45 A.M., at St. Andrew's Boston
24-2:15 P.M., at Advent Church, Lowell, Mass.
30-Saturday P.M., at 8 Lecture at Nashua, New Hampshire.
31-10:30 A.M., at Nashua, N. H.

E. W. FRISBEE,
78 Broadway,
EVERETT, MASS.

NEW YORK.

The Alliance Club's Masque and Civic Ball.

FINANCIALLY AND SOCIALLY IT WAS A SUCCESS.

A Good Attendance, and a Good Time Generally Had by All.

From our Regular Correspondent.

[Mr. Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 1045 Third Avenue, New York City.]

St. Patrick's Day occurred on Sunday, but was celebrated on Monday, and in this the deaf aided to some extent, though it may be said they are not all sons of Erin. The first Grand Annual Ball of the Alliance Pleasure Club came off on this date at Phillips' Turn Hall in Brooklyn, and be it to their credit, it was a good affair, some three hundred people attending, among them being many hearing people as deaf. They came from all parts of Greater New York. There were representatives of the Quad Club, of the Union League, of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Society, and of the New Jersey Society, as well as from many other associations of the deaf in the vicinity.

That it was a success in every respect goes without saying, for such it was, and all who aided in its promotion are deserving of congratulation. Phillips' Turn Hall, 61-73 Meserole Street, Brooklyn, was well-crowded on this evening, though not up to the usual, with many masqueraders and civilians, who enjoyed themselves in all the ways that characterize such gatherings. The grand march commenced at about 10:30 p.m., and consisted of about fifty couples.

The judges then announced the awards, which were as follows: For prettiest costume (ladies)—Miss Anna Davenport (sister of Mrs. Mellwraith); for funniest costume (ladies)—Miss Sherman; for prettiest costume (gentlemen)—Chas. First; for funniest costume (gentlemen)—W. A. Beers. As happened to be the case, the prizes all went to hearing people. There were few deaf masqueraders—perhaps a dozen ladies and half a dozen gentlemen, but for this matter it was a good affair, and all had a good time.

The Floor and Reception Committee were as follows:

Floor Manager, Chas. E. Green; Assistant, Fritz Eck; Floor Committee—Francis Ecker, Henri Batilley, Robert Harth, James Colvin, W. Teneyck. Reception Committee—Alex. T. Laing, James S. Orr, Philip Schaffner, Arthur A. Hemmer, Robert Jennings. All did their duties well, and the musicians furnished good music, so it is said, though they abandoned their posts an hour or so too early. It was about four o'clock when the ball was over, and there were many who wished it would continue till daylight. The order of dances were as follows:

- PART I.
1. March.
2. Lanciers Saraboga
3. Waltz
4. Schottische
5. Quadrille
6. Varsouvienna
7. Polka
8. Lanciers
9. Waltz
10. Polka Berlin
11. Caprice
12. Two Step Waltz
13. Waltz

- PART II.
1. Quadrille Plain
2. Polka Berlin
3. Caprice
4. Lanciers
5. Waltz
6. Oxford Minuet
7. Polka
8. Varsouvienna
9. Waltz
10. Two Step Waltz
11. Quadrille Waltz
12. Waltz

The officers of the club acquitted themselves favorably, attending to their duties in a very courteous manner. They are President, Alex. Mellwraith; Vice-President, Alex. Batilley; Secretary, Chas. L. Schindler; Recording Secretary, Geo. F. Walsh; Treasurer, William Morris.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey acted as judge of awards assisted by hearing persons. The prizes consisted of silver novelties, and were handsome and worth keeping.

The people went out to nearby restaurants for supper. Altogether, considering that it was their first effort, the society did very well, and bids fair to do better in the future.

A souvenir journal was issued in connection with the affair, and was a very nice book, profusely illustrated, and containing the advertisements of leading firms.

Alderman Cohn, of the 14th Ward, was one of the many present. A list of all present and those in costume would be too lengthy, but suffice it to say the ball was very well represented.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Nellie Kelly to Mr. J. F. Donnelly, the date being fixed for April 25th. The wedding will be private.

Geo. F. Wormuth has been in town for the last three weeks, leaving Friday for his home in Fosterdale, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

Alex. Goldfogle was last week summoned to jury duty, but after a witty remark of his, wherein he stated that he thought he would make a good juror if he could only hear, was excused, escaping a rebuke from the irate judge who seemed to appreciate the joke when he saw the point.

Richard R. Tweed is back in town to stay for good. He uses crutches, but it will not be long before he can do without them. It is like the return of the Prodigal Son, and a good son he will prove to be. He is changed so much for the better as to create some impression. The only semblance of his recent intimate contact with a locomotive on the Seaboard Air Line, is a scar on the forehead, which is partly hidden by his hair. He expects to go to work in a few weeks.

A party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McManus, in Newark, last Saturday.

Replying to A. L. P. of the *Silent World*, who questions the propriety of having my name at the head of this column and my pseudonym at the end, would say that I desire to have all mail matter addressed to me as above, and that I desire to be known in private life as Mr. Lounsbury, while in newspaper work I may be referred to simply as "Ted." In fact, I wish, as far as is possible, to have Mr. Lounsbury and "Ted" regarded as two different persons—the former to live in the tranquility that belongs to him, and the latter to roam at will and catch all the worldly missiles aimed at him, without injury to Mr. Lounsbury. See?

A. V. Ballin lectured to good-sized audience in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church, Tuesday evening, his subject being "The Conditions of Modern Civilized Life." It was a good topic, very instructive, affording information not possessed by the average person. He occupied two hours, and at the close was tendered the usual vote of thanks.

TED.

NEED NOT SHOW CAUSE.

MAJOR PLIMLEY EXCUSED A DEAF-MUTE FROM JURY DUTY.

Alexander Goldfogle, a clerk in the Register's office and a brother of Civil Justice Goldfogle of the Fifth District Court, received from Major Plimley, the new Commissioner of Jurors, the other day, a notice to appear before him under the statute and show cause why he should not serve as a juror. Goldfogle is a married man and is bright and intelligent, but he is deaf and dumb and has been so all his life. He at once wrote a note to the new Commissioner as follows:

"Your notice to show cause why I should not serve as a juror received. I am perfectly competent to serve and would make a better juror than many. But, for reasons best known to myself, I respectfully decline to serve. Yours, ALEXANDER GOLDFOGLE."

With this note in his hand and a smile on his face, Goldfogle called upon Major Plimley and handed him the letter. The Commissioner read the note. Goldfogle saw his lips move as he made answer, but of course could not know what it was he was saying.

He dived into his pocket and produced a writing pad and a pencil, which he always carries about with him. Then he wrote as follows: "Would you please write what you have to say on my pad. I am deaf and dumb."

The new Commissioner opened his eyes, gave a short gasp as he stared at Goldfogle, and then wrote on the pad the one word: "Excused."

To a reporter this morning Goldfogle smiled and wrote on his pad: "I am pleased to see you, sir. The story about myself and the Commissioner of Jurors is all true. I wrote to him on my pad that I was willing to serve as a juror, only I could not hear the evidence nor the speeches of counsel."

Mayor Plimley said: "I speedily saw that Mr. Goldfogle was a deaf-mute, for I had once as a servant and am accustomed to their ways. He was treated courteously and was excused from serving as a juror."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

MARCH.
23-8 P.M., St. Louis, Lecture on Canterbury Cathedral.
24-11:00 A.M., St. Louis, Holy Communion.
24-3:00 P.M., St. Louis, Evening Service.
25-Eveing Service.
26-3 P.M., Mansfield, Lecture.
26-7:30 P.M., Mansfield, Evening Service.
30-Eveing, Chicago.
31-10:30 A.M., Chicago, Holy Communion.
31-3 P.M., Chicago, Evening Prayer and Service.
31-7:30 P.M., Joliet, Evening Prayer and Service.

APRIL.

1-7:30 P.M., Lafayette, Social Service.
1-Eveing, Detroit, Lecture.
7-10:30 A.M., Detroit, Holy Communion.
7-3 P.M., Detroit, Evening Prayer and Service.
7-7:30 P.M., Detroit, Confirmation.
8-7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Profane to the Finger Tips.

Oh, lucky it is that the world ne'er knows The silent but devoted remark That over the deaf-mute's finger flows When he steps on a tack in the dark.—*Truth.*

PHILADELPHIA

John C. Clineb alias St. Clair Found.

DEAF BOYS AND GIRLS TALK TO MINISTERS.

Brief Items from "The Recorder's" Note Book.

Information has been received at detective headquarters that John C. Clineb, alias St. Clair, twenty-nine years of age, a deaf-mute, residing on Ulster Street, who has been reported to the police on the 7th inst., as having been missing since the previous day, has been found at the House of Correction. He had been committed to that goal, for three months from the Germantown Police station, by Magistrate Pullinger. The complaint of his disappearance states that Clineb had been peddling toilet soap, and that he had over twenty dollars in his pocket when he went away from home. His relatives did not learn his whereabouts, it is said, until Sunday, and took steps to have him released. Clineb was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and having not learned any trade, he has been ever since then peddling toilet soap, to support his aged mother.

I was recently informed that Mr. James A. Purvis, a deaf cousin to James M. Purvis, is still in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he has been for eighteen years.

He some time ago said that he would not come to this city until after a stay of twenty years at the Springs. When he comes, at the end of the 20th year, he will find his cousin, James M. Purvis, the father of a pretty little daughter.

At the monthly business meeting of the Council of All Souls' Working People's Club on Tuesday evening, after the reports of the standing committees, the old council adjourned. Rev. Mr. Koehler, as ex-officio chairman, announced that he had re-appointed Mr. Wm. Henry Lipsett as President for the ensuing year, and announced a new list of members of the council. Then the Council elected the following officers: Vice-President, Charles W. Waterhouse; Secretary, Treasurer, James S. Reider; Librarian, Miss Edie Parker, for the year 1895-6.

The club held its quarterly business meeting on the following Thursday evening, with Mr. Lipsett presiding. Some routine business was transacted, among which it was agreed that the club hall is to be renovated and decorated and otherwise improved by the collective efforts of the club members, at their own expense. Messrs. Dorner and Moroney kindly offered their services to do all work satisfactorily for nothing.

Your correspondent heard that James Wendell, who was a resident of this city several years ago, is now working in Petersburg, Florida, and is expected to pay a visit to the city next June.

Mr. Benjamin F. Pickett, who was once an active member of Cleric Literary Association, and worked here for several years, and was a cigar packer for 31 years, now has a position at Lichten Bros' cigar factory in Allentown. He is visiting friends here for a few weeks. He was at All Souls' Church this afternoon.

DEAF BOYS AND GIRLS TALK TO MINISTERS.

When the Philadelphia conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church opened its session yesterday morning, the most interesting feature of the morning session was an explanation of the work being done at the Institution for the Deaf at Mt. Airy. Superintendent Crouter presented a class of sixteen pupils whose ages ranged from about 15 to 21 years. They recited the 23d Psalm with very peculiar intonations, but so distinctly that every one in the building understood what they said. Mr. Crouter addressed the audience, saying that the scholars who cannot hear themselves talk are trained to speak by knowing in what position to place the lips. This, he said, is much better than having them write or use the sign language, and a great member of the pupils could almost make any one understand what they are saying. Two of the scholars gave an exhibition of lip-reading! Prof. Crouter would ask questions aloud, then merely move his lips, being answered promptly by the two boys very distinctly.

One, when asked how he came down to the conference, said: "I came down in the trolley!" This created great laughter and applause, which was the waving of handkerchiefs for the benefit of the deaf, who could talk and see but not hear. The class also recited "America," which was followed by another simultaneous waving of handkerchiefs. Prof. Crouter thanked Bishop Foss for the pleasure of appearing before the conference. The Bishop very neatly replied that the pleasure was all on the part of the conference. Dr. T. C. Murphy then arose and said: "This is the most pathetic scene I have ever witnessed." Then he made a motion that a vote of thanks be submitted in writing to Supt. Crouter and his pupils, which met with unanimous approval by every one ris-

ing. When the Bishop gave the pupils his blessing he was much affected. Of the 480 pupils in the Institution, 66 per cent are taught orally.

The Social Committee of All Souls' Club expects to entertain the club members with a short but pleasing entertainment on Thursday evening, the 28th inst.

Mr. Harry Brandt, having been out of work for nearly two years is a happy man to-day, for he has acquired a steady position as a candy maker somewhere on Market Street.

TOO SWIFT FOR HIM.

Robert Stephenson, the mnte who two seasons made such a good showing with the Philadelphia Club, has returned to his home in Camden after an absence of two years in the nothern part of Pennsylvania, where he has been playing ball with Pennsylvania State League Clubs. Stephenson tells an interesting story of his stay up the State, and says that he will never again play with minor league clubs, and particularly with the Pennsylvania League. He says the life spent by semi-professional ball tossers in such company. He refused to go out entirely too swift for him; that the players have very little idea as to the value of money and, after a day's play, they eat supper and then start out to "do" the town and all its suburbs. All have their particular hobby. Some play poker, others go to dances and a great many get up private sporting events, such as cock and prize fights.

Stephenson claims that a man who tries to say his money has a hard road to travel in Camden after an absence of two years in the nothern part of Pennsylvania, where he has been playing ball with Pennsylvania State League Clubs. Stephenson tells an interesting story of his stay up the State, and says that he will never again play with minor league clubs, and particularly with the Pennsylvania League. He says the life spent by semi-professional ball tossers in such company. He refused to go out entirely too swift for him; that the players have very little idea as to the value of money and, after a day's play, they eat supper and then start out to "do" the town and all its suburbs. All have their particular hobby. Some play poker, others go to dances and a great many get up private sporting events, such as cock and prize fights.

Stephenson, who is a gentlemanly fellow, will play with the Camden Club. He says he will never again play in a league unless it is in the Na Valley League. He has quite a reputation as a good fielder, an accurate thrower and a heavy hitter.

THE RECORDER.

PHILADA., MAR. 17, '95.

The Ocean Wave.

Naturalists are still in doubt as to whether the sponge is a plant or an animal.

The saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-thirtieth of its weight.

There are springs of fresh water in the Persian Gulf that furnish supplies to vessels.

The sea-nettle stings its prey to death by means of a poison secreted in its tentacles.

For a long time the coral was supposed to be a plant. Even Reannumur treats it as such.

The water of the Dead Sea yields about two pounds to the gallon of saline substances.

The water of the Mediterranean contains a greater proportion of salt than that of the ocean.

The average depth of all oceans is supposed to be between two and three thousand fathoms.

When the Gulf Stream passes out of the Gulf of Mexico its temperature is about seventy degrees.

Over seven thousand varieties of microscopic seashells have been enumerated by naturalists.

No part of the Atlantic ocean between Europe and Newfoundland exceeds twenty-four hundred fathoms.

In a cubic foot of phosphorescent sea water there have been found twenty-five thousand living creatures.

Edison's Start.

Those who knew him when he was a young man would have laughed one to scorn who should have predicted that the time would ever come when he would have as much as a quarter of a dollar which he might call his own. The trouble was not that he was without capacity to earn. He had no difficulty in securing remunerative employment, but in his youthful days his saving went for books and instruments and for the relief of impecunious and oft-times undeserving associates, and he always was in debt and always wore shabby clothes. When he came to New York in his twenty-second year he was as poor as a church mouse. He wandered about the city for three weeks seeking employment, and we are told that in this time he actually suffered more than once the pangs of hunger. He chanced one day to enter the office of Laws' Gold Reporting Company just at time when the stock quotation printer in the central office was in a state of collapse. "I think, Mr. Laws," he said, "I can show you where the trouble lies." And he was as good as his word. He began to draw a salary of \$800 a month the following day.—*New York Ledger.*

Novel Way of Catching a Thief.

Everyone knows how mental emotion, intense cerebral nerve action, arrest the ordinary secretions of the mouth. It is the arrest of the secretion of the moisture of the mouth that makes it necessary for the "unaccustomed" orator to have ready before him the wherewith to wet his tongue and lips. In India, when occasions of theft have arisen in a battalion, and it is desired to detect the thief, the soldiers are paraded and into the mouth of each a few grains of rice are put. After an interval, an inspection being made of rice in the men's mouths, it is found dry in mouth of the thief, the nervous excitement due to the apprehension of being detected having stopped the flow of salivary secretions and other moisture of the mouth.—*Exchange.*

Deaf and Dumb Man Run Down.

MARTIN'S FERRY, March 2.—(Special.)—Jacob Tier, 35 years old, deaf and dumb, formerly of East Liverpool, was ground to pieces by a Cleveland & Pittsburgh train this evening. He was walking on the track.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

